

CONVERSATION

Driving down Eastern Ave
from El Camino after an
emotional & rewarding
reading wanted badly to
stop for a double scotch.
That desire triggered a
conversation in my head.
A voice of reason told me
I was already high &
couldn't get any higher.
True. But what about a
drink to calm me down?
Keep your eyes on traffic
voice said. Enjoy yourself.
You'll come down soon enough.

events fell into place for
me today as if I
were a favorite of God.

TIMING

Used to think when I
was a young man guys
in their 50s didn't screw
anymore. What a joke.
Only difference I see
is timing. Mature folks
are patient & don't
waste as many strokes.

WHO'S CRAZIEST?

I've got a .357 snubby
hidden in bookshelf by
front door & a sensor
light over our driveway.
Last October someone
stole my Chevy truck.
It won't happen again
I tell myself. Not
without a fight. Sometimes
when my thinking clears
I wonder who's craziest.
Me or the thief?

SMALL SUMMER HARVEST

At our place on Sugar Pine
Drive I gather small
branches of pine & cedar
that broke & blew off
in last winter's storms.
I wait for needles to
dry & loosen then
break bare limbs to
stove length & store them
inside with pine cones
to use as kindling
when weather turns
crisp in the fall.

BATHTUB PLUG

My bathtub plug has
mysteriously re-appeared
in our hallway. It's been
missing for weeks. I suspect
our little getinsky (a
five month old fox terrier)
copped it. I cussed him
blue back then when I
couldn't find it. Seeing
it this morning my heart
double pumped with joy
as I sensed this a
harbinger of good things
to come & it was. Uplifting